

# England's Array of Titled Authors



The Duchess Of Leeds



The Countess Of Warwick



The Earl Of Idlesleigh



Deluge of Novels, Poems, and Plays Comes From Lords and Ladies, and Some of the Work Is Said to Be "Not Half Bad."

## Queen Victoria's Entry Into the Literary Field Inspired Many Members of the Nobility to Take to Writing Books.

London, November 24. PROBABLY when Queen Victoria wrote and published those two unassuming works, "Leaves From a Highland Journal" and "More Leaves," she had no idea what a remarkable effect her example would have.

Probably it never entered her royal head that titled folk of every rank on this side of the water would take the tip from her and after a while it would be an inevitable week that did not produce a novel, a book of poems, or at least a magazine article by one of them.

That's the state of things at present. To take the first instance that comes to mind, there appeared recently—all within a few days of each other—a novel by the Earl of Idlesleigh, a historical work by the Countess of Warwick, and a collection of poems edited by the Duchess of Sutherland.

Within the past week there have been announcements to the effect that Lady Jeanie is writing a society novel, that Lord Ellesmere is doing the same, that Lady Colin Campbell is hard at work on an emotional play, and that Lady Betty Balfour is collaborating on a comedy with the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, wife of the colonial secretary.

### Fault of the Queen.

It is all Queen Victoria's fault. Up to about twenty years ago, although members of the peerage frequently patronized men of letters, they mostly made no attempt to shine in the literary firmament themselves. Women of title, especially, let the business of authorship severely alone. Count D'Orsay's fair friend, the countess of Blessington, was an exception, it is true, but she was always more or less of an "outsider." In fact, so far as can be remembered, up to the time mentioned the one and only work of any importance published by an English woman of high rank was that rather gruesome novel, "Ellen Middleton," written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, sister of the famous Lord Granville—and it appeared anonymously.

### Followed Her Example.

Almost immediately after the appearance of Queen Victoria's book, however, quite a lot of women belonging to the court world "went and did likewise," by giving to the world portions of their distinguished diaries and amiably written accounts of their travels. And after a while two or three members of the peerage, both men and women, came out boldly with novels.

Others tried their hands at poetry, and still others had a go at writing for the stage, and of late years the thing has become so much the fashion that the list of titled scribblers includes one duke, three duchesses, four countesses, five earls, and plain lords and ladies till you simply can't rest.

Frankly, the Thames has yet to be set on fire as the result of a work by any member of this illustrious aggregation. But if the literary, poetic, and dramatic work produced thus far by British titled folk isn't on the whole very good, it isn't so very bad, either, and there are perhaps half a dozen men and women of title among the number who have no small share of the real stuff of which successful writers are made.

### Success of the Duchess.

First among these comes the youngest of the three duchesses mentioned—Her Grace of Sutherland. She was the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn, and is a sister of the present erratic bearer of that title, who also has had a shy at literature, and likewise at acting, but who is perhaps best known as one of the men who didn't "break the bank at Monte Carlo."

The Duchess of Sutherland is distinguished in a number of ways. She is a beautiful woman, and since her marriage has dispensed hospitality at what is called the finest private residence in the world. She has done a lot of really important social work, too, and her

widespread philanthropy has earned her the title of the "Charity Duchess."

But literary work is her real passion, and it is no exaggeration to say that if she hadn't happened to be born in the purple, she would have made a name for herself as an authoress. Even as a child she wrote, and had quite a lot of things published by the periodical, "Little Folks," and before she became of age things of hers had appeared in a dozen or more leading reviews and magazines.

### Accepted on Merit.

Nor was her work accepted because of her social position, either, for until after her marriage she wrote only under the pen-name of "Erskine Gower." Her first book was called, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," and was quite an original little piece of work, though of no great strength. Not till ten years later—the duchess is now thirty-three—did she publish anything else of any importance, but her novel, "One Hour and the Next," came out and was immediately recognized as a serious and thoughtful book and one to be reckoned with.

Since then the duchess, who now writes under her full title, has published a dozen or more short stories, most of them full of genuine merit, and some of these recently appeared in book form under the title of "The Winds of the World."

The Duchess of Leeds is another Englishwoman of title who has real literary ability. Unfortunately her health is extremely delicate, a fact which has prevented her doing any great quantity of writing. She is a daughter of the late Earl of Durham, was one of a rather remarkable family of thirteen brothers and sisters, and is married to one of the greatest of English nobles. The Duke of Leeds is a descendant of Charles II's famous minister, and he owns 24,300 acres.

### First Important Work.

The duchess' first important literary work was a novel called "A Lover of the Beautiful." It scored a distinct success, and gave the impression that even her author might be expected from her author—a impression that was fully confirmed by the duchess' next work, a volume of short stories with the odd title, "Capricious."

Strangely enough, most of these were stories of humble life, it being a singular fact that almost none of the women of title who are writing fiction today have dealt with the fashionable life which they really know best. I understand that the Duchess of Leeds has another novel under way at present. She invariably spends the winter on the Riviera, and she left, the other day, for her villa at Bordighera, after sending me the accompanying photograph, which is the latest and best that has been taken.

The other literary duchess—Her Grace of Devonshire—is only so to a limited extent, for her work with the pen has been confined to the editing of certain letters written by the loveliest of her predecessors, which were published in Lady Randolph Churchill's "Anglo-Saxon Review."

### A Literary Duke.

England's literary duke is one of the most exalted personages in the kingdom. For His Grace of Argyll, besides being the author of quite a lot of serious works, many tales and poems, and an opera libretto, is closely related to the royal family by virtue of having married Princess Louise, only sister of King Edward VII. Besides his dukedom he has twelve other titles, is keeper of the great seal of Scotland, constable of Windsor Castle, and has been governor general of Canada.

But the duke is happiest when he is writing, and one of his favorite themes is the United States and American matters generally. His most successful work was "The United States of America After the War."

Perhaps the most prolific of the four

English countesses who write is Lady Jersey. Most of her literary work has been in the way of juvenile literature. Her "Hymns For Very Little Children"—two series of them—were published be-

fore her marriage, since when she has written "Sleeping Beauty: A Play for Children," "Maurice, or the Red Jar," and quite a lot of other works for little folk, most of which have been quite successful.

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### 'Possum Photography.

"Some photographer has grossly imposed on the 'New York Tribune,'" said a Representative from South Carolina. "Last Sunday the paper had a picture pretending to represent niggers taking a 'possum out of a tree, and would you believe it, the 'possum had a head and face like a dog and a great bushy tail like a squirrel! Jerusalem! Who ever heard of such a 'possum? Then, too, the nigger was astride a limb of a tree with saw in hand sawing the limb off. No 'possum hunter ever carried a saw with him. Not much. The tree is cut down with an ax."

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One of Kentucky's national lawmakers furnishes this good story about Tom Marshall.

"When the science of phrenology first began to attract public attention, a lecturer on that line turned up in Louisville and gave talks as well as making examinations of a large number of craniums. This lecturer developed a wonderfully large amount of hidden vice and virtue which had not before been even suspected among the good people of that city. Marshall attended one of the 'exhibitions.' He was about half-drunken, his normal condition, unfortunately. After the lecture and demonstration closed, Marshall and a crowd of friends went to the Gall House to 'liquorate' and talk over the newly discovered science. Marshall declared that he could phrenologize as well as the

The beautiful Countess of Warwick has now an uncommon gift for writing, but her many other activities—of which readers have heard so much—have prevented her from writing books to any extent and her only published works, exclusive of numberless magazine articles, are her "History of Warwick Castle and Its Earls" and "Reminiscences of Joseph Arch."

The other literary countesses are those of Cromartie and Pembroke, the first of whom Gladstone's great rival could say nothing good. The present earl was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is now fifty-nine, and commenced novel writing only about ten years ago, his first book being called "Belinda Fitzwarren." Then he wrote "Mrs. Peter Liston" and his new book, which, with a few cruel exceptions, has been pretty favorably reviewed, is called "Charms." There is also the Earl of Ellesmere, who has published half a dozen novels or more, the best known of which is called "Sir Hector's Watch."

This earl comes naturally by his literary tendencies, for his ancestors, the Bridgewater family, patronized the poet Milton and figured in his masque of "Comus." The Earl of Crews writes passable verses. The Earl of Ronalds-Zetland, who is a son of the Marquise of Zetland, made a bid for literary renown with his "Sport and Politics Under an Eastern Sky."

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Boer war under the title of "Twice Cap-

tured." Prominent among the other lords and ladies who write is Lord Ernest Hamilton, who, it will be remembered, once edited William Waldorf Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine," and who has published several novels. Lord William Nevill, too, published his prison experiences under the title of "Penal Servitude."

There is not space to mention all the "Ladies" who dabble in literature, but they include, besides our own Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Helen Forbes, who has written several novels; Lady Londonderry, who was among the contributors to the "Anglo-Saxon Review," Lady Colin Campbell, who has written a lot for the London "World," and Lady Henry Somerset.

It is true, as announced, that Lady Jeanie is writing a novel, it is likely to be worth reading, for she is one of the greatest of London hostesses and knows the smart set from A to Z. Perhaps her husband will be able to offer a few suggestions. He ought, for his president of the British divorce court.

## Stories Told by and About Members of Senate and House

"The people of my State are firm believers in the efficacy of prayer," says Representative Gaines of Tennessee. "I know that a better class of people cannot be found, but at the same time, 'bold, bad' errors and slips are made by even the very best. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, so to speak."

"I am reminded of a little thing which happened during the days when the North and the South were peeping away at each other. It was at a religious gathering in one of the rural districts during the warm days of summer. No rain had descended for many weeks and everything was about burned up. One of the good preachers whose heart and soul was in the cause of the South made a prayer, closing with an appeal for rain, saying:

"We need a refreshing shower, O Lord. Send the blessed rain and revive the drooping vegetation. We don't want one of these light, drizzly rains, but a regular ground-soaker and trash-lifter; but not heavy enough, good Lord, to yoke the Cumberland River so that the Yankee gunboats can come and take Nashville."

### Gave Them to Sister.

This good yarn comes from the always full supply stored up by Representative Clayton of Alabama: "A good woman was a regular attendant at a revival of religion in my State. Finally, after frequent visits to the 'mourner's bench,' she professed religion, saying that all her sins had been washed away and that she was pure and spotless."

"A few weeks after the revival closed there was an experience meeting, a gathering at which it is expected that all the converts will tell just how they are getting along in the new paths. The sister spoke at some length, and closed by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, all of you know that I was a pretty gay young lady. I attended every dance and was fond of all kinds of frolics. The Lord showed me that I was not living right. I liked fine dresses, jewelry, lace, and all kinds of fancy things. I found they were dragging me down to hell, so I gave them to my dear, young sister."

### Passed in Poetry.

It is up to a Representative from one of the Southern States to explain how it was that General Passenger Agent Hardwick of the Southern Railway issued him a pass like this: "The conductor will pass this bundle of gas to the middle of Lent. Like the average deadhead, without paying a red, He may ride to his heart's content."

### Jury Box Hogs.

Representative Coock of Kentucky says that several years ago a young lawyer was admitted to the bar in his State, and one of his first cases was where the right of property to a lot of

hogs was involved. It was a case of replevin, and the blundering young lawyer addressed the jury in this way:

"There were just twenty-four hogs in that drove, gentlemen of the jury—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box."

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lecturer; that it was a rank fake and the fellow out; to be rocked out of town. Marshall was requested to go in the parlor and examine a few heads. This he consented to do, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were entertained by the brilliant man as he called off the different 'bumps' and ground out hard after yard of good and bad qualities of the head owners. He knew most of the crowd and made a vast amount of fun.

It happened that among those present, a Louisville top, of scarce amount of brains, distinguished for his forwardness and egotism, was left out by Marshall. To this the top objected, telling him that his head had not been examined.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Marshall, "but you must really excuse me. I am too drunk to read small print by candle light."

### Shot an Editor.

Representative Garner of New Jersey does not often engage in literary stories, but when he does it is sure to be a good one.

"Many years ago," says the Representative, "a Mr. Landis was postmaster at Vineland, my State. A difficulty arose between the postmaster and the editor of the Vineland paper, Mr. Carruth. The postmaster used his pistol and killed the editor. An effort was made to have the postmaster ousted from his place, and when the matter was brought to the attention of President Grant the Postmaster General was asked:

"Has Mr. Landis been irregular in his accounts?"

"No, Mr. President."

"He conducts the office satisfactorily?"

"Entirely so, sir."

"Mr. Landis is not intemperate?"

"He is not, sir."

"Why do the people of Vineland petition for his removal, Mr. Postmaster General?"

"He shot an editor, sir."

"I do not think he should be removed on that account."

"And Mr. Landis continued until his term expired."

### Wachter's Record.

"Representative Wachter of Maryland has his 'record' locked up for safekeeping. During the recent campaign the Representative felt that he had to do some tall hustling in order to retain his seat in the House, and he adopted the plan of presenting his record to the voters in his district."

"He bought a number of photographs and loaded them with his very best speeches. These he placed at different points throughout his district and hired men to keep them wound up and kept going. 'The result was,' says one of his brother Congressmen, 'that Wachter had audiences without number and won by a good majority.' "His record is locked up in a number

of places, and if he fails to carry out the promises made, he will be held on the rack. He can't go back on these speeches for the 'records' have been preserved. This is the first time that the photograph has ever been used for campaign purposes, and I believe that their introduction will do away to a very large extent with the professional campaign spellbinders. They cost less, and in many instances are more reliable. Another thing, too, they can't send in a long expense account."

### Cooked the Wag.

Senator Berry of Arkansas is responsible for this story: A fellow living in one of the small towns of Arkansas was recognized as a wag, and he seemed to take special delight in feathering on ministers. One day the fellow was sitting in his buggy, to which was hooked a mule, when the village minister came up and suggested that he be loaned the team to take his wife out for an airing.

"I didn't think, parson, your wife would ride behind a jackass; but if she can ride beside one, why, she can have the team," was the answer.

"You misunderstand me," said the minister. "My dear brother, I do not wish you to go, for I intend to drive myself."

The wag was cooked for once, and let the parson alone after that.

### Good Horses.

Senator Clay of Georgia does not frequent race courses, but he is an admirer of good horseflesh.

"I never see a race or read about one but that I am reminded of what the Rev. Sam Jones, of my State, says about the saloonkeeper. 'There is one trait in a saloonkeeper I very much admire,' says Brother Jones; 'he is fond of a good horse, and I have never yet seen a half-way respectable saloonkeeper in any town who drove a stack of bones. No, sir; he generally has the finest horse in the town; takes excellent care of it, and is sharp enough to let the fellow who rides in street cars do the paying for his keep. I respect a saloonkeeper who loves a good horse. It is a mighty poor man who drives a shabby horse.'"

### Where His Piety Failed.

Senator Carmack of Tennessee relates this good story:

"There was a pious old deacon in my State who accepted with sublime resignation whatever his Lord saw fit to inflict upon him. He never murmured. One day a tornado came along and uprooted his fruit trees and blew down everything in its path. The old man took it all with quiet submission and fortitude."

"After a while he ran out to his barn and tried to save its contents from the fury of the winds, but as he reached the door a shutter swung violently around, struck him and knocked him about a dozen feet. This was just a little more

than the good man could stand, and straightening himself up he remarked: "I guess it is time for me to express my sentiments."

### Wanted the Servant.

"The problem of securing capable servants is giving our people no little concern," comments Representative Kehoe of Kentucky, "and the family fortunate enough to have one of the old-time servants is fortunate indeed. I was immensely amused a short time ago to read in one of our papers an advertisement which stated, 'My wife wants and needs a good servant. The very highest wages will be paid. Having had great difficulty in procuring good help on account of the misfortune of having seven small children, I will agree to poison, drown, or otherwise make way with five of them on application of a first-class servant who will agree to stay twelve months.'"

### Teaching Went Too Far.

Representative Lewis of Georgia is a staunch Sunday school man, and is a thorough believer in bringing the little ones up in the straight and narrow path. The gentleman tells a story to the effect that he was lecturing a very large class of very small boys, and had asked them various questions, in an effort to impress on their minds that they would, by and by, take the places of their fathers.

"Where will your fathers be forty or fifty years from now?" I asked," said the Representative.

"Dead, sir," several answered.

"Who'll take their places?"

"Us boys."

"Who will take the places of the good ministers?"

"Us boys."

"Yes, if you are good boys and good men. But who will take the places of the poor drunkards?"

"Us boys."

"I stopped right there, cautioning the youngsters to see that they did not do as they said they would."

### A Memorial Ode.

Mrs. Sarah Malinda Bates was a good woman of Constantinople, Mich., and at her death, says a Representative from that State, one of her sons had printed the following touching lines:

"Our sweet mother has passed away; Her spirit has took its flight. Dissolved from this tenement of clay And gone to that world of 'light.'"

"In memory I still can trace The scenes of childhood days; On the river's bank was the place I first enjoyed those plays."

"Mother lived to see the last Of the old year (th) seventy-four, And five days the new just passed, When God said, 'Be here no more.'"

"Rev. D. H. Edwards gave the sermon From Revelations, 4 chapter, 13th verse; Brother Francis was the foreman, Furnished case and drove the hearse."